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organization to take advantage of the determination of certain classes to effect a more equal distribution of property.

The same mental peculiarities which make a Greenbacker, a Populist, a Socialist, or a Free Silverite, prompt the finding of a heavy verdict when a poor man is plaintiff and a rich man or a corporation is defendant, regardless of the law or the evidence.

The principal sufferers are, in a large measure, responsible for the success, thus far, of this highwayman in the jury box. The successful business men of the country decline to serve as jurors, take advantage of their exemptions or plead stress of business to an indulgent judge, who excuses them, allowing improvident professional talesmen to fill their places.

Moreover, the lists of names from which jurors are drawn are made, in most States, by aldermen and town politicians who, in remembering their impecunious constituents, necessarily omit the names of men of property. The result is that capital is not represented in the jury box. If the contest of the present and future is to be between capital and labor, as many claim, here is one sphere wherein labor may enter her judgments *ad libitum* for non-appearance.

There is but one remedy. The business men, the officers of banks, of railroads, and of corporations, commercial and manufacturing, must recognize the necessity of doing jury duty in civil cases when called. As twelve votes are essential for a verdict, in cases where manifest injustice may be done one vote of a fair man will preserve equity.

CHARLES NEVITT.

"CHESNUT," FOR EXAMPLE.

My friend, who lives upon Chestnut Street, in one of the large inland cities, has shown me her considerable collection of addressed envelopes upon which Chestnut has been mis-spelled, and that by those who may be called educated—not a few of the writers being college-bred; one (it was hard to believe, but she proved it beyond question) prominent on the Board of an educational institution of national repute (I hope that is vague enough to prevent its being localized by my readers). Another Chesnutter is a State Librarian (this upon honor), another an eminent jurist—a most interesting list when scanned with comments by my friend and made to support her views concerning certain marked defects in our educational system—the great need of a public or general movement in behalf of *culture of the attention* in our primary schools.

Why is it, she asks, that so many really educated people have never learned to spell? "Why should a man who has made invaluable contribution to the medical science of his age," and she holds up one of her envelopes, "spell Chestnut like that?" When asked if she ever took pains to correct the mistake of her correspondents—those, for instance, who had been misspelling the word for years—she declares she could not do that for many reasons, one of which would be the loss of the peculiar pleasure she has in getting letters addressed to Chesnut Street, because they all add to her material for speculation upon what is, to her, a serious problem. When one of her old Chesnutters, an old gentleman of the old school, who never fails to cross his t's and to dot his i's, and who makes every letter as plain as print—when he recently wrote to her and spelled

Chestnut correctly, as he never did before, she felt seriously alarmed about him, until she discovered in his letter that he was "nott quite sure" about something—proving to her that the impish t she had missed from Chestnut was *the* key, could it but be handled, to some psychological mystery in her correspondent's mentality.

"They are all of one stripe in a way," says my friend, "those who write Chesnut. They have the same mental squint—only with a difference—holding that Dr. Johnson, if his friend 'Boswel' had lived on a Chestnut Street would have written Chesnut every time."

Why is it that some folk (not many but some) who have been taught how to spell, and who must have seen that word frequently all their lives, will mis-spell it when they take pen in hand? And not only that familiar word, but a score of others. Who can tell just what is the root of the trouble? Is it a constitutional inherited peculiarity, or something usually acquired through false educational methods—a misleading of the memory until a wrong is perpetuated for all time? The autograph letters of many famous scholars add much to this subject. There are few comparatively of the great men of the last century who did not make grievous slips in their orthography; while as for the women who could write at all and write well is not their epistolary charm very largely in their quaintly delicious blunders—their "bloughing of buguls" and "konkering pash-uns," etc.? Benjamin Franklin sinned often against the spelling-book, yet he wrote of spelling as "a little art," one that it was a shame for a man to be ignorant of; and that ignorance of orthography (how blandly ignorant of his own) was an unpardonable defect, "making many men of learning and understanding averse to writing even a common letter." If the men of learning and understanding of this day would but wax confidential to the reading public and reveal some of their individual experiences in mastering "the little art," we should be greatly entertained and profited, no doubt. What Poe so happily called "the depravity of inanimate things" has incarnation for many of us (who never spell Chestnut with one t, never) in certain words that rise up to torment and disgrace us whenever we must use them in writing—sending us to the dictionary every time; unless, like some among us, we print them loud and hang them over our desks. "Are there two r's in very? Tell me quick," a famous old theologian used to call out from his study when writing under whip of pressure. And lo! there hangs his photograph in his granddaughter's house, with the autograph he hastily inscribed upon it when hurrying to his train: "Your verry loving grandfather."

"These envelopes," says my friend, "prove to me beyond question that there is a stratum of unsound, unreliable memory-cells in most brains. The slips in orthography which educated people make are cognate—clues, if only accepted as such, to the source of the difficulty. These clues bear a relationship, more or less pronounced, to other symptoms of mental deficiency—sometimes it is failure in recalling names and faces; the middle initial of names, or, as in Dean Stanley's case, helplessness in counting small change. Inability to learn a foreign language is another common proof of abnormal brain-cells. The Chesnutters invariably show some one of these traits, and yet, the same heredity and environment will produce a poor speller offset by his twin brother who never makes a mistake in spelling, disproving, in a measure, what has been affirmed, that poor spelling, like wooden legs and glass eyes, runs in the blood of some families.

The training of children in concentration of attention, and in unbroken attention, is, according to this collection of Chesnuts, the great remedy for a mental fault, that is more general than many will admit. Will any one who has been mis-spelling Chestnut all his life, ever again mis-spell it after reading this? Not if his attention has been fairly concentrated upon the word, says my friend. And yet, here is the man who as clerk of a church vestry wrote "chappell" upon the records for years, and when his attention was called to his blunder, and he felt no little mortification, of course, didn't he spell it "chapell" in his next minutes? What was the cause? Was the root of his trouble in a congeries of lazy brain cells—useless stations on the lines of his mental telegraphy? The electrifying into activity of undeveloped or suspended brain-cells is what my friend would set our educators at, and in finding out and reporting the proportion of pupils, say in the middle grades of the public schools, who can write a letter to one of their family, off hand, without mis-spelling common words. Then she would add to the duties of educators the scientific study of the mentality, etc., etc., of poor spellers (not the Peter Quilliams, but the educated folk who have their occasional but chronic weak spots in orthography) with reports of the condition of their "spelling centres" as a rule, and the results of experiments by experts.

A revival of the old-fashioned spelling school has been tried in some localities, but only to prove that it does not, as a rule, reach the poor spellers; they stay away from it—they are not wanted in a spelling match. The spelling school was for the glorification of the good spellers. It did something, no doubt, for depraved brain cells before such mysteries were ever heard of in connection with spelling-books—before physical inertia could be charged to weak valvular heart action, and ugly tempers to microbes, and all the rest. The spelling school belongs to a past dispensation, says my friend, but it suggests what might do much for orthography, if the black-board were made a conspicuous feature, and the attention concentrated upon the reading and writing of sentences, of which the following might be an example: "Mr. Wright, the wheelwright, does not write rite rightly," with helpful stories, occasionally, like that of the teacher who wrote upon the board the three words, "Boys, Bees, Bear," asking the children to construct and write a sentence in which these words would be used intelligently, one boy giving at once: "Boys bees bear when they goes in swimming."

JANE MARSH PARKER.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD.

THE American housekeeper is conceded to be the busiest woman in the known world.

In this country, where there is a large and growing demand for all the luxuries and most of the necessities of life, where there is none of the repose commonly found in an older civilization, the homemaker, besides discharging the functions of wife and mother, does the work of housekeeper, nurse, nursery governess, seamstress, and general housework servant. The chinks between her home duties she fills up with a woman's club or two, a few church societies, a couple of charities, and a Sunday-school class. To these she has lately been told she should add the trifling task of making domestic service a valuable aid to society in the work of moral reform.